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In prayse of the Authour, and his following Poeme.

'Tis both the life of Action and of wit,
When Actors so the fanci'd humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' Authour there were strife
How each to other should give mutuall life.
The last this wanted not. Invention strayes
Here in full many pleasant turning wayes,
That like Meanders their curld circles bend,
Yet in a smooth streame runne to crowne the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the Authors name;
Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
As if the Muses jointly did inspire,
His raptures only with their sacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate
At first presenting but of common fate;
When ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
The world's growne wiser now: each man can say
If Fletcher *made it 'tis an excellent play.*
Thus Poemes like their Authors may be sed,
Never to live till they have first beene dead.

Rich: Brome.

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